

Susan found little consolation in the verse she had read. Nor was it likely that she would. We have no promise that we shall find comfort in our Bibles at any moment that we choose to take them up. The Word of God, when applied by the Holy Spirit, has power so to work upon the heart that even under the most distressing circumstances we may be calm and trustful. But to suppose that to take up a neglected Bible and to read anything that first meets our sight, is at all likely to comfort, or in any other way to do us good, is a great mistake, although one that is far too common. If we would really find help in time of need, comfort in sorrow, strength against temptation in God's Word, we must make it our constant study, our familiar friend and our trusted guide. Only he who can say with the Psalmist, "Thy Word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against Thee," has any right to expect to find comfort in that Word.

Having put down her Bible, Susan sat musing about the present straits in which she and her husband were placed, and thinking gloomily of the still darker future which her fears foreshadowed. Her thoughts very naturally turned towards her old home, and very bitterly did she think of her father and of the way in which he was treating her. "He might, at any rate, have answered my last letter," she thought; the one in which she had told him of her husband's illness, and had asked for his help. But, no, he had forgotten her; forgotten his only daughter, and refused to aid her in her distress. Little did Susan think at that very time her father's thoughts were with, and his heart yearning towards her; little did she think that had he known her present distress he would only have been too glad to come to her assistance, and delighted to have been reconciled to her. But as it was, Susan's letter had never reached her father; it had, by an accident that shall hereafter be explained, been carried miles away from its proper destination, and had come into the hands of a stranger in a far country.

The reader may ask, why, if Mr. White felt kindly towards